SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store in Chatham street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev'rything
else that's neat:
I've second handed Ulsterettes, And ev'rything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me at one hundred and forty-nine.

Oh, Mister Levi, Levi, tra, la, la, la;
Poor Sheeny Levi, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
My name is Solomon Levi, At my store in Chatham street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests,
And ev'rything else that's neat;
I've second handed Ulsterettes, and ev'rything else that's fine
For all the boys they trade with me,
At one hundred and forty-nine.

But when a bummer comes inside my store in Chatham street,
And tries to hang me up for coat and vest and pants complete,
I kicks that bummer out of my store, And on him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothes to any man that tries to hang me up.